

A photograph of a person with dark skin and long hair, seen from behind, crouching in a dense forest. The person is surrounded by thick vegetation, including many vertical tree trunks and green foliage. The ground is covered with fallen leaves and branches.

lapidated on fields of flowers

EXISTENTIAL
OUTSIDER
POETRY

2020 2022

LAPIDATED ON FIELDS OF FLOWERS

the hills rise wild and windswept tonight
above these woods no axe has ever cut

palisades hugging golden cliffs
overhanging the murmuring deeps below
zigzagging along ridges and valleys plunging beneath
into rifts and gorges immeasurable to man

white marble paths, diamond brooks
and the bluest lakelets glimmer
in the but-soon awakened sun

ripples spark beneath the stupendous eye in the sky
where whirlpools of impossibly formed Delphinidae tumble
and the dancing of spry and gorgeous nymphs on the sea
progress with beauty along this misty break of day

rabbits play in the grass beneath a dragon's blood tree

strange monsters and chimaeras mingle
with hirsute humanoid figures and
caressed by ambrosial winds and the harps of ageless angels
are the turquoise yurts of a camel-driving merchantry :

bathing in crystal air Celephaïc in its beatitude :

the epoch
which will never be counted
in any man's calendar

glittering minarets scrape the sky to a bloodshed of stars
which explode like sprites across a heavenly vista

atmospheres in effulgent draperies cerulean
escape both spatial and temporal prisons

diffracted waves seeping through
hallucinatory kaleidoscopes
oxygenate the anaerobic aether

weed-thick waters clumpy from the algae of ill omen
carry a glimmer above the murky swamp ever-dark-green :

the dulse and kelp stick in the narrow waterways
and glides idly under ancient brick bridges towards the great efflux

the streams meander along ancient steeples and fallen works of brick
as the world dusts under the weight of a bilious and sickly sky –
a cut-throat-sharp galaxy-scythe scintillates menacingly above !

undulating translucent something
floating impervious to basic physics –
a cloud or a gas, a vapor or even an energy
or a dimension in itself !

a heavy mantle of beauty is lifted from the flowering meads
and beneath it lies the mass grave, ten times fifteen cadavers –

ritual adornments and fetishisms
to the sacred aesthetic of death

and the air becomes full with the music of the end,
“Love & Beauty” by Slutet, a powerful omen...

a feline creature holds a small lizard-like creature in its jaws
and two grey stones in each paw

a man and a woman and a child
buried to the neck in the soft ground
await a gruesome heavenly reprisal
for the crime of having loved... wrongly !

the first stone is launched, the first stone lands – there is blood !

suddenly ! a huge banditry of birds
swarm through the cavities of a monstrous hut
formed grotesquely by no human hand
and drowns out the fearful cyclones of human bellows
absconding as smoke from the fire of the agony and wretchedness

onyx pavements creep along
the ground beneath a sky in tarred smoke
and towards the seventh gate of ivory
commences a procession of religious fanatics

their mission is to however plead or bargain they can
with a Deus Otiosus so comically unscathed by this all –

yet another universe-experiment collapsed... next !

DISTRESS SIGNAL – SOURCE UNKNOWN

Munch-like spirals of ominous colors
devour the edge of the world
as the corpse of Meursault washes ashore the Port-Cros

sutures across the sky
rupture to explode
black muck across the world

lofty barriers of ice disintegrate

penguins squawk murmurously
from a distance

the rotting blubber of seals
is ravaged by bulimic polar bears
vomiting their disgusting pellets
into the sea

a world of ice melts...

the horizon is vaguely azureous, with
auburn-shifting crimson shades
and a feverish tone to it

the blonde eye in the sky
stares like a rapist
downward
intensely

the children weep in the heat
and verily refuse to reciprocate
the smile of a mirthless sun
infected with the glum of knowing
exactly what is in store for them

migrainiac visions
and sightings of doom forbearance
are spotted in an extreme afar,
getting closer at the speed of light and thought

scarlet belts hang from the sky
and bleed into the troposphere,
it rains across the endless ocean-water :
like flesh-wounds across the heavens
suspended in mystical inertia !

rancid purple blood effluvium
stink up the morning gusts

jaded nature gives up

the conference of the birds stifle

cedars and thujas burn to crisps

the strangled sparrows tweet
in a total kind of silence evermore

sailors vomit above the railing

sudden outbursts of proprioceptive disruptions and ill rage –
this distress signal broadcasted from sources unknown !

THE NIGHT RUNNER

under a funeral moon
i run nocturnal
with but wormwood as witness
in vigil from the heavenly sky

demons molest me, chase me
run after me, taunt me and belittle me

fast fast fast

faster ! faster ! faster !

i admit – i struggle so hard
to evict the darkness around me
from myself

i run from it

it seeps in
it rapes
it festers

and then i am the darkness !

i run
and i struggle with my breathing

i think : why is it so, that the innocent suffer ?

i can not handle it peacefully, seemingly healthily

i am paradox !

i need to save the world in order to feel alive

i need to kill something in order to feel alive

i want to commit acts of violence, i confess

*but what is my anger and my wish for destruction,
both inward and outward,
compared to these stars i run below tonight ?*

nothing ! and i should learn to know my place !

and i know my place now !

on these trails of mud and forest paths
cross country
up the hills
i run

i pray
every time
with my feet
for a better place
a better world
a better life
and for total, absolute revenge
for those who truly deserve it

i urge to kill something
deservedly so

i seek to participate in Holy justice
far from jurors and court-rooms

i want to see men genitally mutilated for their transgressions !
i want to see women punished by their peers for their ugly crimes !
i want to see filthy criminals choke on the vomit
of their own drug-induced seizures
and i want see entrails ! – smell the iron of molesters and perverters
of everything that is pure and innocent in this world !

as the watchmen are aiding the impostors
and the guardians the smugglers of contraband –
corruption, judicial and moral, spreads aplenty
while nothing is being done at all

the elite conspires with Satan
to bring the whole motherfucker down

and all the while
i carry on running

what else can i do
to mitigate this darkness
both within and without ?

VANCOUVERITE METROPOLITAN HELLSCAPE

(prelude)

the buzzing of the evening insects
presage evil !

here are black wolves ! here are ghosts and fiends
and here are all blackest of demons

and black be the murk tonight
with all bewitched familiars

be forewarned ! and be accursed...
you, who set eye on these
perilous passages and verses of venom :

you have no idea
how dark, complex,
cynical and hopeless
this all can get

I

Twilight has its way, come Night :
come, cloudings of bloodsucking bat !
come sleep to the toddlers and calm to the dogs at guard;
come respite to the dwellers of the parks and the streets
come peace below these stars :

the paperboy delivers his papers,
the planet spins its distance,
the cat kills its rats
and the rapist has his victims :

the youngster drugs himself to death
first thing out of rehab
and the girl is sold by the ugly bastard
she thought she could trust the most

Xylazine abusers hide and disappear
like roaches at the break of morning
scattering into the ruins, dispersing
into derelict tents and lodgings

scarabs hiss the songs of pestilence and dirty needle :
the wailing banshees of despondency
psychotic on the corner of a street
scream their anguish to the lot of the world :

unprocessed traumas left to die
on the bottom of the needle ocean...

an unwanted nuisance child
born from a night of desperation
is abandoned by a crack-fiend mother
rotten to her spiritual core :

tragic, suffered, broken, yes – but guilty :
God may have mercy on this demon bitch
but i can not !

and such are the realities
of the gut-wrenching, merciless existentialism
whose principles govern the human enterprise...

impossible moral equations
float in the Night's aether
as all moral philosophies come to die
at this graveyard of God :
unfathomable narcotic abyss

no hope escapes
the black hole

no light escapes
the intravenous event horizon

gloomy visions of destitute social ruin
greet the traveler beyond the threshold :

be forewarned ! traverse at your own peril

you have no idea
how dark, complex,
cynical and hopeless
this all can get

II

Uaedurt-Nitsuj swings his mighty scepter
from the palace made of glass on the cloud !

guileless ignorance, pathologized empathy
and Machiavellian hypocritical asshole self-interests
intermix to astounding political success
in the depraved social policies
of an unscathed academic and economic elite

and upon the throne sits the Emperor of Liberty
beneath which breaks the bones of the people :
binding his nation under the might of his luring spell –
deride him by his anti-name : Uaedurt-Nitsuj !

extremist liberal policy clears the path
for unstoppable spirals of degeneracy
resulting in human tragedy
and a suffering incalculable

misery
indignity
suffering
penury
ruination
and degradation
spread rampant

a shame amongst shames !
a sin amongst sins !
a dumpster fire to reach the crest of the stars !

a dumpster fire forever to burn
until the very rings of Saturn are dosed
with the poisonous powders of paradise

III

the Opioid Hyaenas scavenge the badlands :

vast swathes of sand-dunes and rocky plains
dotted with but a rare lush oasis : the public rest-room !
some store to rob ! a woman to mug (or worse) !

ghastly wraiths wrapped
in deso-morphinous miasma

the toxic spittle of schizophrenic vagrants
hail upon the virulent alleys of Vancouver

the old narrow streetways, piss-stenched
piss-drenched, incensed with tobacco and vomit
in puddles of needles and leakage
lies the white body beneath the newspapers
he pissed his pants, but who would blame him ?
yet another straw in the harvest
yet another bundle of dulled
and depressed enthusiasms
exalted in the final morbid ecstasy
of cold and lonely
overdose death

tragic and irreparable souls
absorbed into the fractal Mandelbrot nightmares
of crystal methamphetamine psychosis
stutter about in awkward circumambulatory ritual
in the bleak shadowry of a failed
modern urban project

bodies contort into unsightly, bizarre caricatures of humans :
seemingly impossible extra-ductile formations
of grotesque human appearances, as if drawn from the deranged mind
of a cartoonist in a mare's hypnosis, fill the city streets

docile servants of the Xylazine cross !

gnarled, mangled and malformed :
backs are bent into fixations
genuflected perpetually in worship of the dope deity

gargoyle-esque shells of humans
frozen to rigor-mortic states
petrified into stone, molten into concrete
dissolved in indignant pools

splattered by the syphilitic blood
between the condom and the razor
between the plastic and the broken teeth
yet another human being
is thrown on the heap to burn away and evaporate
in the indifference of tomorrow morning rising

(such is the nature of sacrifice
for abusing horse tranquilizers)

IV

dead roseate eyes fixed beyond hope
lose themselves to their chemical love once again

to the serenity of capitulation
to the apathetic self-defeat
to the final and definitive abandonment of trial

as the drug
once again
triumphs
conquers
infects
spreads
and wins

the ever-lasting spiritual molestation of trauma
triumphs
again

escorted by narcotic fumes
are these emaciated throngs
moving about the shit-dirt streets
in chase of fentanyl neverland

landscapes wherein morality dissolves,
landscapes where morality and survival clash
where love is like oil in water or a bubble of air in a vein
and where compassion dilapidates into tooth-rot
in the mouth of a leprous community

here is the bridge of sighs !
here are the gates to a certain kind of hell

an Abyss where hopes come to die

V

demarcated by a cloistery of garbage
is the loggia upon which they must walk
their Downtown Eastside Via Dolorosa :

human-spirit-system-failures
on the nihilist's hopeless quest
to become drunk from the champagne
of the sap of the black rotten tree
rooting all the way down
to the inner gardens of Inferno

detachment and dispassion,
corruption and unbound degeneracy
is the law of the land
in this paradise of flickering eyes

here is the closest they ever came to Love !

and the extremest form of love a person can feel,
is the love for the needle Eden : not the purest,
not the noblest; not the most beautiful
nor most meaningful love, but the extremest !

thick as the billows of a rubber fire
burn the opium mists their eyes
and carried they are as if by beautiful angels
into artificial utopia...

it is said that
the road to hell is paved with good intentions
and this extremist liberal policy
paved the way to unstoppable epidemics of degeneracy
and incalculable human tragedy

misery
indignity
suffering
penury
ruination
and degradation
runs rampant
in this modern, affluent
first-world north American city

and you have no idea
how dark, complex,
cynical and hopeless
this all can get

a shame amongst shames !
a sin amongst sins !
a dumpster fire to reach the stars !

and the Demiurge
whiffs the noxious gasses
off the Vancouverite
metropolitan hellscape
burning in its pestilent
sulphurous glow
down below !

(afterword :)

do they even remember
what it feels like
to feel human

i wish the Divine Mercy, Judgement and Atonement
upon every last single one of them !!!

THE HOSTILE WHORLS

I

king of the hostile quasar !
stelliferous beast without origin

anechoic void-crown usurper of the throne without end
upon a tundra in the cosmic septentrional :
fantastically obscure to the naked human eye
and shrouded in the asterism of shadows !

gatekeepers of the GN-z11 realm,
amethyst-fanged beasts of the farthest space
pursuing from beyond the ultimate meridian
to battle the flame-born basilisks of Alpha Scorpii

the star-beasts battle in constellatory theatre,
a timeless outing of the yet another
anniversary cosmic implosion

II

hostile whorls in the night-sky
spin into mass hypnotic effect

cruor of celestial bodies splatter
alizarin spasms across the death-black vista
which emanates across the heliosphere
as hallucination becomes reality becomes hallucination

lines between
cosmophobia and cosmonoia
are blurred

mystical systems of glyphic code
etched into bedrocks as star-maps
guide the madman into liminal states
between this and the great obscure other

FROM DANK & NITROUS VAULTS

an intense columnar vortex manifest
from dank and nitrous vaults hidden amongst
noctilucent labyrinths of cloudery

katabatic winds roll downward the stair-paths
from the temple in the billow of palls
to squall across the calm ground down there
and to stir mayhem

a sulphur agent dissolves
the bronze cage around the aether-demons,
now unfettered !

columns of black emissions
splinter the auroral play of colors eternally above

the skies rot to atmospheric jaundice
by the dazzling mist-lights of a lycanthropic moon

ominous volumes of smoke hurl into the air

unborn, ever-enduring,
constant and primordial
bruised arms reach around
a colossal titan sun blue and cold
as to wrestle it down, rip it
from its suspension in the sky

multicellular storms gather a menace...

the coldest williwaws known to geo-history storm about...

a theological gamma-burst collapses
all atheistic solar systems :

the gospel from dank and nitrous vaults
is not for the faint of heart !

SPRING SCENE IN A BYELORUSIAN BOGLAND

sodden logs melt into bogs

vernal mists and thawing swamps

molasses and fenland in *rasputitsa*

the corpse of a beautiful naiad
decomposes into the sump of the ground
clasping the scepter of the usurper
as poison ivy wreaths her decaying head

the ochre blood stinks sour

an aphotic hue of dead human skin

a palette of natural colors grotesque
paint a solitary death in the Byelorussian boglands

LOST IN A KAFKAESQUE PRAGUE

i am a suspension of reality
strung between
the nickel of the earth
and the argon of the sky

unable am i to move about freely

i float
more than i walk

i am a lucid dream
trapped in a fever dream

i am caught in a clutch !
the mighty spur of the bird
ascends me – we soar
above Bohemian townland

i am the pure wish to understand

i am the humiliating failure to comprehend

i have no mouth yet i must scream

i have no ears
yet i hear this demented laughter

i perceive time differently

my needs are vampyric

i make love to a rotten moon

the boughs are burning beneath me
but who am i to care ?

i am rendered gelatinous, doomed to no form –
the final amorphous stages of human biology
are spent in humiliation

above the rustic skyline colors dance
a polka upon the curve of the earth

the shadowry of a hundred spires
of which i am one
scrape the integument of eternity

i wander about abandoned
like a dog on the street
observant, alone and aloof
like a cat on the lamp-post
in Kafka's Prague
by twilight

THE GREAT PELICAN OF ARAM

how great is the land of Aram !
these dunes of sand overgrown with mediterranean forest

Paul walks on

a great pelican in piety
is vulning her chest ferociously

Paul notices

he observes its grace just moments before
a fire arrow hits

blood and flame-sparks splatter
upon the plumage of the leucistic peafowl

two great arms extend from the aerial crevice in the dimension

hypnagogic visual contortions befall the jaded believer

and there, as if the bolt of thunder from a black and teeming sky :

the peace-dove is snatched by the gauntlet !

...and the radiance is simply overpowering !

Paul is forced to his knees !

as if bronze glowing in the furnace
is the heart of the angel above him

as if the sparks between the anvil of the earth
and the strike of a heavenly warhammer

the great pelican re-appears
in elisions of dimensional bleedthrough
singing beautifully of redemption
at the end-times

seven stars in the hand of Christ she unveils

seven golden lampstands guide the way ahead

sixty-eight Shaitanic devils bound by the seal of Solomon
scatter this brittle road forward

oil lamps smolder and fires wane
but endless is the expanse

ever-guiding, the seven lamps
ever-twisting, the road to Dimašq...

THE MARTIAN FOSSA

why is there a colossal Olmec head
in this Martian fossa ?

CATHERINE OF SIENA DRANK THE PUS OF THE POOR

it is tough being a Christian
in a world full of absolute dunces

what kind of empathy am i supposed to conjure
at the sight of these dullard throngs ?

i dislike these folks,
only wanting to play when there is money
the opportunists of faith
only wanting to pray when there is crisis

a prayer
never out of gratitude
never out of contemplation

never as a gift forwarded –
always as a gift received

never in true silence
never in true peace

only when they need something

only in *mauvaise foi*

"daddy please help me..."

faith dwells

like a massive crocodilian in brumation :
when times get hot, the teeth will show
again

and when times get hot
when they feel desperate again
people will pray
again
to whatever deity
will promise the most pleasant paradise !

no loyalty
no honesty
no dedication
no true worship

God is not a bank nor a therapist :
religion is meant to be comforting – not comfortable

profane calumnies i launch against the tricksters,
the quacks and the beguilers...

i curse the Judases, the Quislings,
the double-dealers and all other
betrayers and bedevillers of the Faith !

Catherine incised the abscess of the poor
and emptied in a goblet the contents
from which she proceeded to drink
in a saintlike effort to heal them –

what do you do again ?

Catherine of Siena drank the pus of the poor

and your redemption is on hold
until further notice

religious mysticism is an elitism

FROM THE PULPITS OF THE FIDEISTS

i contest ! and i proclaim :
the various proposed proofs
of the existence of God
are all irrelevant !

i hold ! that belief in God
is not contingent
on any human ability
of reason

even if the proofs were valid,
the principles with which they propose
to describe or demonstrate "God"
are not congruent with the deity – actual God –
worshiped by the actual faiths
both historical and living :

i implore you : seek out (and i quote Pascal :)
"the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—
not the god of the philosophers!"

philosophers are oft guilty of hubris,
but so is the scientist flock :
they are masters of their worlds and in their guilds,
masters of their disciplines, and of their laboratories,
thinking anything become their subject !

but where is the mathematician
with correct measurements of divinity ?

and show me a philosopher
eager to *seek*
more so
than he is
to *know*

filthy hubris from the ecclesial elites !

anyway –

God's existence cannot be certainly known,
and the decision to accept faith
is neither founded on, nor feeds off of,
any means of rational justification

the belief in a God made flesh
or the belief in a woman fruitful immaculate
is the acceptance of a kind of rational abomination,
a paradox absolute, and we must concede that,
and we must be apologetic about that :

reason cannot comprehend this phenomenon

therefore, reason is put in suspension

faith is a church upon a hill in a land
where reason suspends mystically
and reality relates mythically :

the accounts of the Gospel are, historically speaking,
probably not true and perhaps even demonstrably false,
yet this fact would do nothing to damage faith –
even the opposite is true !

the historical inaccuracy of the Scripture
only procures its profundity

faith is a glue
between man and God

a mysterious tribology
between man and God

one cannot know if religious doctrines are true
without seeing if they work,
but they cannot be seen to work,
unless one believes them in the first place !

you can not reap a harvest of faith
without fully entering these croplands !

there is no food here to eat, unless you cultivate it yourself :
put faith in the clouds and the raindrops and weathers – or starve !

the true God is experienced in the threshing,
not in the fantasy of being done with it

and redemption is to be found in the actual fall –
not in bragging beforehand about
how hard the mountain is to climb....

fool !
this is not a commodity you can try on
before you decide to purchase it !

faith comes first – a leap of faith :
then comes, by hard work or mystical fortuity or both,
a chance glance at redemption

ask yourself : what ocean can you cross
without losing sight of the shore ?

true faith is to let go
and follow the voice in the darkness

true faith is true humility :
for there is nothing as vulnerable

faith, trust, beauty and attention
are the greatest gifts a human person
can possibly bestow on God or another person,
and they are the building blocks of the mystical union with God,
each transcendent, in their own right,
of reason, logic and laws

Pascal was right :

the human being is forced to an existential gamble
regarding the existence of God
regarding fundamental reality, and
regarding redemption :

there is no way to know if God exists or not,
there is no way to know even how to know !

but i do not want to burn in hell forever

so – i pray
again

better be safe than sorry

BELIAL ABOVE THE PIT

Belial hovers above the pit as an angel of enmity

his counsel forevermore
to bring sin and guilt upon man

twisted angel of fornication
presenting the *vampyromorph* phallus

mustard gas cloud nimbus of soot
bleeding into the open wounds
a syphilis of the soul,
vinegar of molestation

the black fumes of a rotten cadaver
molest the air when he appears
and disappears
flickering amongst the layers

controllant of scores of demons !

his army is the angels of rape and terrorism
allotted to him
to serve and protect
the arch crown of evil

a great troop of fiendish demons
spurting balls of fire from their mouths
torment the buttocks of twenty-six poor women
with flaming birch rods
while shoving shekels down their tortured throats

the three nets of Belial :

fornication,
wealth, and
pollution of the sanctuary

in the bottom of the pit
an archaic fossil cache
is kept : extinct taxa of demonological orders
now revived and unleashed

Belial spreads his wings
to the sound of fuck and death

the human soul is sold forever
for the price of a whore

MUD-COLOURED WATER PIG

horrific barbels rise from the surface :
the retinae of total predation
stare like houwitzers in this night

the young boy bleeds out on the bank
screaming like a stuck pig

a crude and bestial phlebotomy
from the beast of the river Kali :

ghost of the windling river estuary

feaster upon the funeral pyres

sprouted lurker below the threshold

mud-coloured water-pig
emerging from the opaque waters !

hideous Makara-spawn !!!

fear spreads amongst the fishery

the children gossip of anthropophagous monsters

the psychology of terror instills
in a superstitious Kalapani traditional husbandry

bodies disappear upstream and no corpse is ever found !

monstrous goonch, the devil's catfish
haunts the waterway now

more blood-thirsty than any crocodile or gharial,
the beast goonch of the river Kali
developed a taste for rotten human flesh

PRESERVED IN THE SPHAGNUM

suspended to the moraine by nature
hibernating cold in the blanket bogs
a witness to the paleo-shorelines
obscured in unimaginable thickets of time

carrier of indigenous northern wisdoms
from ante-Weichselian glaciation

wizardry of Doggerland generations
inherited from the time before time

the ancient blood of black wolves
stains her garnet pendant
and her microlith rests in a sewn sheath

the peat princess was swallowed
by the hungry morass earth
forever to dance drunkenly
with Jutlandic wood nymphs

forever to frolick with the bogland spirits

forever connected to her mother

forever to sleep under the eye of Endymion

a torso beatified with hornworts,
earthworms and flax

a beetle-covered face petrified
into an eternal smile of stone

sunken eyes in the sphagnum

from the iris grows the stoma
with which man relates to eternity

I WANT TO EXCEED GOD'S EXPECTATIONS

i seek to unveil the mystery
of the relation between qualia and its noumena :
are these colors produced by the mind or,
are they inherent and inseparable properties of the object ?

similarly, i seek to unveil the mystery
of the tribology between man and his religion :
are feelings of providence, peace and redemption
produced by the mind as phenomena of delusion –
a psychological mechanism of self-preservation –
or, authentic, inherent, and inseparable
phenomenological properties of religion itself?

i believe that religion and not science
will ultimately turn out to be
the true bathymetric study
of the human soul and its experience
in this world

the soul of man is a Thesean ship
carried by the ocean of experience :
an experience we can only hope
is not entirely phenomenal
but also an actual, extant reality on the outside

we must believe the actuality of the objective :
the alternative is the purest form of nihilism

i think God expects the worst but hopes for the best :

attempt the infinite regress into God !

if only but an attempt...

escape finally
this great human stigmergy
away from God

we must want to exceed God's expectations :
the alternative is nothing but inhuman

EVEN JÖRMUNDGANDR SHRUGS

I – discovery

above the tides of turbulency
sing the ninth daughter of Ægir
a war-cry of the mermaids
stationed across the lagoon :

dead trees and stumps
tangled in the roots
of a foreign windblown silt
i can see !

stunted poplar woodlands
bathe in sullen shades
of arctic autumn colors
i can see !

dark knolls of wetlands
tear-eyed in the distance
for the seals to return
once again
i can see !

and i can see
young men laid to wet graves
blessed by the spirit of the explorer

even Jörmundgandr shrugs
in these watery badlands !

abandoned by the sun,
only wind and rock remain :

the longhouses struggle into spring
the pastures struggle into summer

cat, dog, cow, sheep, child,
maiden and man :
we starve together - Norse as one !

the frontiers of the German folk
is pushed once again

from the mosaics of Miklagård
to the Blåland dunes
and from the homeland
to the windswept mass-graves of Thule

further into the squally cold
further into the expanse
further into an ever-hinterland blue

the tide explodes in every direction
across the blustery oceans of the north

II – conquest

suddenly ! a shadow or a silhouette :
something eerie disappears

above the curvature of the coast-cliff

suddenly ! an axe in bronze

a scream is uttered !

and the blood is spurting
in cascades down

the skull split into two
the face split into

two tongues, two noses,
four lips, one axe

the dead skraeling
yells no more
upon the rock of sacrifice

a brutal confrontation
between a Norse axe man
and a native American scout
ends in violent death

totems of the new world flock
are struck by German iron
for the first time of many
in the history of man and war

plumes of smoke billow
across the burning village

conquest has its course
on the rugged plains of Vinland...

ABYSS PITS OF PREHISTORIC OOTHECA

nightly gaunt vampyromorph
flap and flutter in swarms and masses
around the vision of a dead and raped canine
set upon by evil worms

teats upon the chiroptera leak
blood-stenched necro-lactation nocturne

abyss pits of prehistoric ootheca
burst with the devil's frogspawn

the beast sits atop the black stone
with the remains of a lacerated meerkat
hanging from the razor-hell-mouth

mighty flittermouse of the gargoyles !
spew your unctuous liquids through your nose !

explode the air with your rancid imprecations...

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES / REVELATIONS OF MARTYRDOOM

I

every culture
tries to control nature,
which is a threat,
an existential threat
this natural fear and immense respect for nature
is the generator of all our human interactions

humans love walls... and moats...
even hedges and fences and lines we love !

a humanity morally incomplete
tries to survive in these God's green acres,
and it ever seeks guidance and understanding,
protection and delineation
from all the dangers and threats
out here

humans vulturous for protection and prosperity
often bid their luck and hope to the polemics
of mighty rulers and charismatic charlatans :
sometimes for the better, and sometimes for the worse

II

there is a very fine line
between enthusiasm and mythomania

and there is a very fine line
between self-appraisal and self-deceit

but there is a vast field
between speaking the truth
and manipulating a fellow man !

practice what you preach,
leader of the priesthood !
you king corrupt ! Machiavellian
chaos appetite, the sinly rampage...

the council chamber and your ivory throne,
the splendor with which you appear in public !

the suppliant crowd who solicits your attention...!

the multitude of letters and petitions
to which you dictate your falsely endearing answers !

and the perpetual hurry of business
in which you are seemingly involved...

but it is all smoke and mirrors !
and i refuse to flatter your vanity !

arrogant, rigid, inexorable vanity...

unforgettable vices moved by unforgivable causes...

III

the sword of Damocles
fell on necks of the tyrants !

the filth-heads of corrupt priests
are put on spikes sharpened in twilight
by the wrath of innocent child victims

the venom-yellow lecterns of slippery leaders
become buried under nature's green rust,
the dirt and the dust
and succumbed to natural ruin
over the course of the great, eternal silence
following their usurpations

the material wealth of that priesthood
seems sufficient evidence of their guilt,
since it was neither derived from the
inheritance of their fathers, nor acquired
by the arts of honest industry

the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was rendered venal, rapacious
under the leering influence of Satan,
the Horned Malefactor !

Holy Accuser !

by their lasciviousness and luxury
the Christian religion was rendered odious
in the eyes of the lot of Gentiles !

the Holy works of exalted men forever carry grace
and honor and humility ! and by the same token,
the wicked workings of devils and impostors
forever carry the cursed marks of Satan !

hard, as they both are, to wash away...

IV

i once said that those who neither rebel against,
nor are devoted to God are the worst of the worst
of all scum—but i must reevaluate this disposition !
yes, with honesty as my crown and scepter !

i now firmly believe that the worst of all scum
are the agents of malevolence and the carriers of evil
and not the ones who are simply
arrogantly indifferent to it all :

the willful corruptors of human potential
will forever be the true Devil-worshippers !
and the witnesses of God labor eternally against them
in a perpetuity of silence, and in obscurity !

i think the extent to which solitary sacrifices
are honestly undertaken
may measure a human being
in character and spiritual stature

and the only thing left for us to pray for
is the hard-earned acumen, erudition in death
and the offering of solace and redemption
in your spiritual self-extermination !

STEEL-BEARING STORMTROOPER ANGELS OF MONS

spires and crenelations in iron and bronze
fall from chromium jaws in the sky
dripping battery acid blood

steel and concrete scrapers of the sky
buckling under weights invisible, incalculable

upper tropospheric cyclonic vortices
burn across the skies of desolate lands beneath

red sprites explode in the air above,
the fireworks of coming apocalypse

the heavens ruin tumultuously
and bedeviled for it, be the sky
with Satans !

imps of night and funeral
drunk from astral moonshine,
they construct a mausoleum !

...and something shines in the sky !

and it drowns them in heavenly hue
as they toil and work wearily
in this great lunar silvery eye

behind the aether-stone-gate
an ancient masonry locks the secret
beneath a hundred feet of rock solid

hope became pregnant
with doubt

a dualistic, mythical battle
against the forces of German imperialism

and the souls of plunderers and rapists
twinkle like impostor-stars
on a beautiful cosmic canvas, exhausted,
Stockholm-syndromed,
backgrounding

the spleen of the sky is punctured
and ushered is another age

between pillars of concrete on a war-torn malpais
vapor the red-hot smoke, it bellows !

over gardens of asphalt, oil-leak and asbestos
the sulfur mustard fallout lands, covers !

and like shingles rashing hellfiery
on innocent, pure children's skin
is our ever-sinly nature
a louse which we cannot seem to rid !

like a black death of tongues in our mouths
it penetrates all of our defenses
and manipulates our intent
with the corruption of the very words
we try to speak

and ravished by anonymity in depravation,
we become forsakers of our own origin

everywhere i look !

oakwood carvings, marble statues and the idols of our saints
burn or crack or cry tears of blood or oil or fire !

and to the sound and smell of downfall,
an orchestral conduction sublime
echoes the sweet, sweet soundtrack
of Great War Eschaton !!!

and just like that
they appeared upon a cloud :

the steel-bearing stormtrooper angels of Mons

KAKWKYLLA, QUEEN OF RATS

the animals grew together joined at their tails,
which broke from the pressure of the many
and turned into a human body ! what the fuck !

at night the rats move about as one,
aglow in the lunar light cascading !

slowly, twitchingly heinously, it proceeds to change
into a sort of woman, but at the same time,
they all devour her, a thousand bites at once,
in psychedelic nightmarish scenes depraved ! *i can never forget !*

her face became a face of rats
protruding in every direction from the center of it
and a bleating heart of filth and waste and flesh
emerges with pangs and bolts of lightning !

cloudbursts of noxious fume
and the piss and shit of rats as rainbows
a ghastly spectacle plays out
in the old Uppland church of Harg !

the rats flock unto her,
within her, without her

a great number of rats hoard in this world !

their tails become conjoined with blood, dirt and excrement,
but through all of it the smile of a woman smiles, glows...

THE INDIGO FIRE

apocalyptic abrasions tear
across earth and sea and sky

crepuscular beast of no moon
reveals and unreveals

ambiguous forms of vapor
from crack and crevice emergent

close-mouthed apparition appears
forever and ever nose-breathing
billowing purple fire !

from the great abyss the deadly vortex forms
clouds of rancid breaths breathed
from open mouths breathing hellstorms

exhale insidious tar-storm, mordant flame

red fangs in the brume funereal protrude
beneath shimmering eyes judgmental

consciousness rapidly oxidates
in the immediate surroundings
of this revelatory conflagration

billowing purple fire !

Tyrian purple fire...

velvet and brimstone !

ever igniparous Holy spirit !

a crown and a wreath
to the lava-throne
where upon
a God of fire sits...

the true God !

*"the firestorm is incredible, there are
calls for help and screams from somewhere
but all around is one single inferno.*

*to my left i suddenly see a woman.
i can see her to this day and shall never forget it.
she carries a bundle in her arms, it is her baby.*

she runs, she falls, and the child flies in an arc into the fire....

*insane fear grips me and from then on i repeat
one simple sentence to myself :
i don't want to burn to death!"*

— Margaret Freyer
February 1945
Dresden, Germany

TO SUP AT THE TABLE OF CHRIST

Lord, i shall be humble

but there are some things i must shed light on

through my life,

i shall try to apologize my positions
with, if not Faith, then empirical data and the voice of reason

i shall try appeal to my own common sense,
and with moral suasion put a definite end to the folly within
once and for all

i shall defy any attempt of trying to flatter
my own sinful nature with any excuse,
or to meet it with any level of tolerance or apathy

i repudiate all attempts
at trying to equal the good and the bad,
the efforted and the effortless,
the dull-of-heart and the enthused,
the hot and the cold
and everything else
that is not truly equal
in this vapid and vacuous
post-modern clown world :

some things are sacred and some things are evil
and we must enjoy the privilege
to orient ourselves around just that,
otherwise, all the wickedest Devils
will surely come with their tricks and persuasions
to greet us at the door to ruin

because the more i understand humanity
the more i see the fullness !

the more i understand humanity,
the more i understand the guillotine –
but the more i also understand the grace of God !

* * *

i swing from the liana of adventure
and fall into the burning darkness below !
and i expect God to pick up the pieces...

i drown in information as my throat is parched
with thirst for a wisdom i do not deserve

i drown in indignation as my throat is bruised
by these hands of Brutus, i truly deserve

egotism, dullness, naivety, self-pity,
sloth, nihilism and all the addictions

these are my sins !

astray in bacchic frenzy
i eloped from grace with Satan !

i am shit and mud combined into flesh, an arrogant idiot if anything

yes, and i insist – i am way stupider than i want to show or admit !

i hate pseudo-intellectuals when i so see or hear them –
and autists – because i am so painfully one myself,
amongst these ranks, retarded throng of losers

i confess ! :

the Black Madonna, Our Lady of Uppsala –
my palladium in battles both enormous and mediocre !

my humility before God is the ever-golden mean
of my human existence : humbly i shall live, and humbly i shall die !

i shall live and i shall die
through spiritual manumission
in total fraternal conviviality
with sinners of all faiths and creeds

and this is how i sup at the table of Christ !

EMPIRE OF THE MEGALOBLATTA

about the Battle of Warsaw (1920) and the wider Polish-Soviet war (1919-1921), from which Poland emerged victorious against all odds, opposing an invading Soviet army trying to ignite further revolutions of Bolshevism in Central Europe. unapologetically written from a proud Polish nationalist perspective.

* * *

grotesque Megaloblatta
yawn wide their beast mouths
beneath Albatross wings
deploying ootheca ordnance
to burst and pest the lands

red roaches laugh in sardonic chortles,
sweating in misplaced jubilant stupor,
the foul-faced arrogance of the elite –
a false victory, too early a cashed check :
the downfall of the Soviets reeks the disgrace of Bravado !

human dwellings are torn asunder !
penetrated by the horrifying ovipositors
of the intruding Megaloblatta :
an army of disillusioned peasants
commanded by idealists in diamond palaces

once the footstool of the Mongols ! –
the ghosts of Batu Khan haunt the Muscovite empire :
the abused became the abuser !

a cacophony of immense stridulation
spreads vile Dictyopteraic noise
in echoes across the Polesian fields
like colossal waves of pressure
trying to ignite, by way of Warszawa,
the false revolution of but a yet new elite

vindicating their crimes not with supremacy and imperialism
but in self-denial, in the name of Justice – even worse !

the Soviets erected their castle of lies on the morass...

Muscovite arrogance is a national disease,
an endless historical protraction of the same old folly,
these spiteful mockeries and accusations against the Pole :

*"dullard cousin of the Kreml !
unfortunate Ruthenian mutation ! "*

*"weak Catholic breed !
slut of the Italians and slave to the Teutons !"*

are they not taught by history
to accredit the Poles with,
if not the greatness of the Russian Empire,
then at least some manner of martial impression ! ?

alas – ignore, Sarmatian eagles !
again, shall the hooves thunder !

form in your foaming mouths a glob of spit
for the Mongol-Russian Socialist Khanate !

hold high your lance, mount the steed again !
strap your wooden feathers to your back, Proud Hussar !

shredded flesh-parts clog the Socialist machine
as pinions of fowl are devoured
by a starving peasant soldiery

the Horde is apparently not so Golden anymore...

thousands of bodies
are scattered across the field

but here are no Megaloblatta ! –
anywhere, there are no cockroaches :
here are just boys and young men
rotting putridly in swampy lowland autumn,
futile in their attempts, coerced or otherwise,
to boast further the riches and exploits
of the ever-fattening Marxist master

these boys are no Megaloblatta !

the true insect hides amongst the bedbugs and the silverfish
in the amber alcazars of Muscovy

here is just death, death and death –
the red-white-draped boys are united
with the Bolshevik enemy in trenches
in a tragic death of heroes both willing and not,
now resting their endless peace
beneath the eternal war syzygy

slaughtered amongst each-other in fanatical pursuits of idealism

the auburn blood of martyrs
spill as honey on the warred fields

the bayonets are still in their dead flesh
the hooves of stallions crush the bones in retreat
before they collapse and break their legs
in the uneven, battle-punished landscape

the dismembered bodies of the Soviet soldiery
drift in the foam of the Vistula

the glory of the modern-day Hussars at Komarów
will forever be observed by the Polish Spirit and Nation !

Głogów 1109 – Cecora 1595 – Vienna 1683 – Warsaw 1920 !

THE WHITE JASMINE LORD

I

first flowers open, seasons begin !

bloom before doom
as always

Rajasthani breeze sweet and scentful
fanning out to the sunset :
a caress ! across the ripeness of apricots

curling trees
winding downward foothills
plunging downward slopes

among the flowering marigold
and hibiscus lushing aplenty
vine has budded
and the pomegranate is in flower
finally :

now, rejoice !

the scent of mandrakes and brambles –
sprout after sprout the lotus shall bloom !

forests drown in seasonal swamping
below the thunderous cloudbursts :

beneath the leaden sky smiles proud
the parent of this great outpouring :

O white Jasmine Lord !

II

all the while, i pray : let me go !

let me escape through the burning funnels :
i am the exhaust of God !

i, whose rotting body is sodden with salt-water
and set upon by crabs and electric eels,
my blood is the saccharin which delights
the truest of our beloved poets :

and when i am lonely,
o white Jasmine Lord,
my soul deepens with you !

allow me loneliness from my demons,
for i can not rid them :

this is a challenge of a life-time,
and a marvel beyond my understanding

O white Jasmine Lord : fill my whole heart
and make me plunge these deeper waters !

make me panic in the calm weathers

make me flee the warmest embrace

make me strip every last sackcloth

make me stray
in the wild desert

let me do with life
what the dog does to the other,
when it sniffs the others' ass

THE OBELISKS OF BAALBEK

Thanatos and Eros wrestle forever
atop three caliginous Lebanese moons
and far surges the towers of Ba'al
above the mystical cyclopean masonry

great triangular henges of neolithic earthwork,
prismatic to view from the heavenly sky,
blesses the shipbuilders of Baalbek :

*"take this cedar branch
and bless the whole world with it !"*

sturdy wire of iron and spearheads made of bronze;
golden garments and copper ingots and crucibles;
crystal beads, bracelets, crests, pendants and sheaths
lie scattered about in the grass

celadon pottery, steatite and jasper figurines
being worked at in street-shops
and in the turquoise tents of merchantry
are fine in their craftsmanship

ancient crockery of the Canaanites
and the beautiful works of Nubian ebony
glisten beneath the flaxen crescent scythe

the fallen obelisks of Baalbek soak
in a herbage steam of natural poetry
coarse, wolven and silvery lunar,
draped in the iron bell-rings of Heliopolis !

suffocated snippets of awful sounds
blare from the bent trumpets of Jupiter
as the dreary wings of Ba'al collapse
across the twilight Levant

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 536

massive volcanic eruptions –
grand ejection of sulfate aerosols

an atmosphere molested –
a sun draped in bluish nausea

the moon, even when full,
is emptied of vibrance and splendor

no shadows are cast from our bodies !

nor from the monuments and buildings our hands have erected :
the sun stands in zenith, right above the dome of our heads !

winter without storm,
spring without mildness,
summer without heat

seasons jumbled together –
the frost prolongs into spring

hardened apples, soured grapes –
crops fail amidst dense dry fogs

the advent of pestilent droughts
to previously verdant biomes exuberant

infernal chambers of magmatic currents
collapse into enormous calderas

granite crematoria belches volumes
of carbonized smog across the vast space

fissure vents break from the pressure -
chthonic emesis expulses from the lava dome

the sky blends with alien elements
stretched like a great hide across it

the disaster is imminent :
Divine grace and reckoning !

portent omens and heavenly orbs :
the sky is phlebotomized !

the visceral remains of human corpses
are crystallized into the volcanic tuff
as human life continues beneath the tephra of history
and as the sun shines on feebly
through an eternity of plight
upon this cursed ground below, *our Home* !

mounted on gimbals forever-turning awry
are the celestial bodies which float
between two great nauseous apses
in the year of the lord 536

A GLIMMER ON THE SOGNSVANN

reddish hues dotted
on crisp porphyric skies
are observed from the oracle on the bridge

beneath the sinking sunbeams
struggling in the cloudery
are new feelings

the cold earth sleeps below
a white light above the forest
and bright is the morning on the waveless bay :
a winter light swells on the tree-tops
across the Østlandic horizon

fine Norwegian evening :
drip on my forehead forever like a fierce wine !

the trills and croaks of redpolls
vibrate the brisk air

the jackdaw chirps and whines
to a winter ambience

December frost throbs
on the bark and bud of the spruce

i am in love
with the murmurations
of the yellowhammers

and i want to marry the distant dashing of the fjord waters !

THE TUNDRA NEVER ENDS

re-worked material originally presented as part of the dark ambient musical release “Arktis” by Loveboy (2021) (originally a Slutet side-project)

a collection of stories and accounts intended to atmospherically accompany the music, centered around the cultures, peoples, folklore, fauna, weather and climate of the vast area of land and water – roughly 20 000 000 km^2 – located within the Arctic Circle.

I

sounds of traditional instruments fill a Nordic reticence

the eerie chills of dark Fennoscandic tempests
sweep the wintry landscape

a tribe of reindeer-herding Sámi
outside a shaman's tent
bend their knees in reverence –
their people is under attack !

a ceremony for the banishment of Stállo beasts :
ancient Sámi traditions of Noaidic apotropaism

the dark voice of spellcraft
and primordial apotropaic hexes
echo across ancient Uralic homelands
(currently occupied by Sweden,
Norway, Finland and Russia)

II

a narwhal traverses the arctic depths
perennially in search for meaning
cutting through this frozen watery abyss
like an enormous projectile

wailing, making noise, murmuring
faint cries and muffled sobs
as the droning churn of the Arctic below
obfuscates them, coalescing
with the ever-baritone down there

the mournful song of a suicidal narwhal

a lonely narwhal
with a huge wound in its side

III

the month is January

it has been snowing heavily for seventeen long days

the forestscapes of northern Fennoscandia
lie sleeping in total winter darkness

in these inhospitable woodlands
many days travel from nearest house or village
dwells all manner of ravenous beasts, prey and fowl

one of the most formidable hunters
across those spruce-clad northern wastes is the wolf

and the howling of a wolf is the chill in the bones of humans
having cluelessly entered wolven domains
under but the lunar eye as witness

you enter into the kingdom of wolves
at your very own peril

Sami, Finn and Swede,
Russian and Norwegian alike,
knows this

IV

hidden in the northern fjords of Qikiqtaaluk island
(occupied by Canada), deep amongst the chasms and caves
of ancient Auyuittuq country,
lies the mountain said to be shaped
in the shape of a human tooth

eerie monolithic wall of stone

frozen winds like arctic knives blow howlingly around it

through the snowy storms and its piercing shrieks,
two Inuktitut fishermen, a father and his son,
beholds the mountain's magnificence from the distance

both are later found dead by fellow tribesmen,
with their eyes plucked, pecked out,
otherwise removed or incapacitated
(sources and lore differ on the matter)

V

in the folklore and religious practices of the Inuit,
the Nanook is a mythical polar bear spectre
roaming endless wastes, attacking Inuit dwellings

in the farther reaches of the wide-spreading Inuit Nunangat
(currently occupied by Canada)
obscure congregations of occult mysticism
gather in shamanic igloos

an elderly Inuit shaman said to be as old
as one-hundred-and-thirty earthly spins
channel the foreboding ephemeral presence of Nanook

other members of the congregation join in,
choiring a sound to the glory of the great white bear –
its howl, its pride, its deafening roar,
its white-furred spirit revered in perennis

suddenly, a man changes form...
the invocation of the transmogrification into Nanook
has been uttered by the congregation

rites of Inuit occultism are completed

*“even if the white man destroys the whole of our world,
fishes every fish out of our seas, clubs every single last seal to death,
sprinkles plastic all over the tundra, and melts our dwellings
and the dwellings of our beloved animals,
the remembrance of Nanook – the spirit of the great white bear –
will be two times the eternity this calamity could ever come to be !”*

VI

aurora skies draped in fiery ice
shining blue & red above her sled

under the stars of a heavenly bed eternal
journeys Arnarluunguaq
across never-ending expanses
of snow, snow and rock

the aurora borealis plays
on the absolute darkness
of the arctic firmament this night

Arnarluunguaq is enthused, impassioned
with the spirits of her ancestors
and falls to the ground, backwards, onto her back

flakes of stellar wisdom, droplets of ancestral pride
moisten the air, thawing its icy vapor
and rains, descends upon her

she tries to catch whatever she can thereof,
with her mouth and her lips and her tongue

VII

upon the ghost mountain
a sacrificial pit of dead seals and arctic birds
gutted, embellished with their entrails
arranged as works of art
in a shamanic geometry obscure

shrubs, lichens and mosses are placed
on animistic altars

a jam of seal's fat and bearberries
smeared on wooden figurines esoteric
holding small stone weapons
and adorned with gleaming eyes of arctic sapphire

there is a skin woven over and around the moon this night,
and it is the skin of Arnakuagsak,
goddess of walruses and sea lions

and in the center of that skin
there is a miniscule hole
from which her piercing ray of light
emerges violently

the shaman becomes epicentral to the world
through the shamanic worship of Arnakuagsak

frozen cubes of whale's blubber,
arctic mushroom dried in summer,
grinded walrus-tusk and whiskers,
tooth and fermented sea lion's marrow
are put in boiling cauldron's broth

the shaman lets it cool,
pours it into his goblet and proceeds to devour it

and the spirit of the shaman
becomes the receptacle
of a violent collision
of earthly and unearthly energies

through the shamanic worship of Arnakuagsak
tradition breathes and survives
even should the white man complete his destructive task
of melting all the ice around us,
and of raping completely our beautiful homeland,
Inuit Nunangat...

VIII

in the moment of death
gasping for air
lungs frost- frozen

eyes enthused, fixed
on the coastal lands,
the final frontier

the final vision
of Novaya Zemlya
impresses the dying Willem Barentsz

this penultimate revelation
sends him off
to arctic paradise

where he lived
and where he died

IX

the sun rises across an endless, frozen sea

and from here on it shall not set...

a dark cliff arises
from the weathered, foaming coast,
trembling and thundering,
with its arctic waves whipping across the rugged rock

in the summer
the sun never sets over Davvenjárga
(currently occupied by Norway)

X

Yakut dirge, the great Summer perished

around sacred idols of Tygyn Darkhan,
beautiful animal crania and beastskins,
spirits of protection and patronage circle

around totems blessed ancient
grey mists spook, winds howl
and cubs of bears cry aloud
across the endless Saka tundra

natural networks of ancient cretaceous rock-formations
charged with the energy of primordial Kisiliyakh craft
establishes a kind of magical protective barrier
between the people and the feral beasts and ice storms

there is a pungent aura
and it whirls and unfurls
around the hut of sorcery

the cloudy contours of a bear king cranium
ablaze the autumnal Yakut sky

ancient Kisiliyakh sorcery to protect the tribe
against the feral beasts and ice storms

the people have been blessed
the people have been protected by apotropaic spell

this winter
wind nor wave nor beast
shall seek to destroy us

XI

a smog of metallurgic fumes
i descend into ! with poison-darts
and the mana of fire as weapons
i shall penetrate this rugged nature
proudly

the longbow of my ancestors
hangs on my back
and two mighty Yakut daggers
are steady in my belt
as always

two daggers rest in my separate hands

separate like the sun and the moon

XII

in the desolate boreal wastes
of northern Komi lands (occupied by Russia)
close to the mouth of the Pechora river,
an elderly tribeswoman prepares a young girl
for her traditional marriage to a prestigious village hunter

it is said he had travelled all the way
to the Manpupuner monoliths,
a place from where the spirits once so loudly howled,
to ask them to permit his greatest love in marriage,
and to bless them forevermore in matrimony

as the tribeswoman prepares the girl
with the most beautiful garments
and embellishments,
she is conversing with her...

XIII

the lonesome Samoyed hermit wanderers
the eagle-huntresses of Chukotko-Kamchatkan homelands
the European circumpolar travelers
the adventurous Eskimo coastal settlers
and the exhausted party of Nenets fishermen alike

they all are children of the tundra

up here

there is only ice
there is only snow
there is only rock
and there is only the endless, frozen ocean,
great north water polynya Pikialasorsuaq
beyond it !

it never ends

the tundra never ends !

THE ROAR OF CHARYBDIS

i float beyond the pillars of Hercules,
beneath constellations
of which Atlas forbade worship !

the roars of Charybdis echo
from the deepest deeps of the Oceanus
within and without my skull

decrepit battlements crumble down cascades
into Atlantic abyss
in great visions

watch-towers fall palaces fall

the ground collapses beneath these antediluvian temples –
defeatism spreads in Atlantean ecclesia !

REDEMPTION ON HOLD UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

I

the sun sinks through a swollen sky
like a rock through the belly of a bloated cadaver

upon circumzenithal arc the dome bursts :
a cosmic migration of bats evades this shadow-hole
and flees into our world

the sun sticks, suspends
in the nictitating membranes of time –
as does human memory

we all become rust-covered swords
and fossils of naive hope
buried deep in the mire of history

and onward ever backward
we wander
trying to find our way back
to a redemption on hold
until further notice

II

mystical vessel of trans-Neptunian penetration
delivers an ominous message
from beyond the Kuiper belt

behold the hail of comets ! volleys of muskets salute
the coming of a cosmic conclusion

the sun is a black hole
an enormous ball of kinetic energy
hanging from a gibbet in the universe
and whoever, whatever crushes this piñata
get to claim the prize :

total nuclear annihilation

total synapse destruction

total evolutionary stagnation
on the planet earth

ruthless accelerative phenomena
beyond all human control
approach the human event horizon

towards the Omega Point, lightning-fast,
towards the ultimate revelation of wisdom :

the universe may be indifferent to intelligence
no matter how spiritually refined it may be

THE STENCH OF INSOMNIA

narcoleptic deities in charge of the world
are tangled and detangled in the threads of time

they are sardonic and bitter and out for revenge

alien methane palls
and vomit-green ammonia vapors
spread in my chamber

shadowy silhouettes of insomnia lurk
like wolfhound packs around the carrion

i see the burrowed casts of happy people
but i am unfit to crawl them

tonight
the wormholes to the kingdom of sleep are barred
for me

i open the veins of anxiety's arch-angels,
a bleed-through between levels of reality and perception

stranded in dimensional fossa
am i
overcome by emotions

Hypnos throws a lasso
through the introitus
which i miss
once again...

sedated yet awake i float
on a cloudery of sleepless miasma

the horse-flies crawl
upon this sultry humid flesh tonight

stenches of anxiety and perspiration

pearls of sweat and stinking fabric

insomniac evangelion writings on the wall :
i ruminate on my nocturnal angst graffiti !

i feel the rot of sleeplessness
vibrate the very hairs of my nostrils

vapors from the interdimensional scrap heap
fill these tragic sleeping quarters tonight

i can hear, when i so try, but quietly in my midst
the sluggish march of ant-eaters
make way through the Ursa Major
beneath the fourteenth moon of Saturn

i can hear, when i so try, but quietly in my midst,
the feral paws of a feline God
chasing the spoor of an astral moose
upon the heavenly tapestry

my head is hastily shaven
and smitten with dandruff and scabs
my skin is torn and xerotic
and insects crawl upon it
as i, once again,
am banished from the kingdom

the pupae dwells in every stale bog
beneath the heliacal ascension of Sirius
in their insectile repose :
but i am not allowed to enter !

i circle around my dwelling-place
as if a mosquito around a dog-day cistern
alone and cold and unable to rest :
my dreams arrest in this malign insomniac spell –
what did i do to deserve this ?

i wish no longer to enter my bed-chamber –
but who am I to refuse the gift of Hypnos ?

i wish i was haunted by ghosts !
then, at least, i could fear this darkness
for another reason

i would rather sleep with mares and demons
than to be forever-awake, even if in paradise

i wish insomnia upon my worst enemy :
it is an excellent way to break the human spirit

TO DARE THE TOWER

to dare the tower !

shoot the funambulist down !
strike him with arrow or stone !

destroy all scintilla of doubt –
let him not reach the other side !

storm with breathless haste the fortress-ruin
enveloped in this beautiful
rustic natural umbration –
as beautiful as the beauty of a cloud of flies
settling on the carrion of a steed !

flayed enemy derm
adorn the walls of the praetorium

to dare the garden-gate ! we must...

but why does it feel as if my time is running out ?

we can not be intimidated by this :

to dare the tower
we must !

to dare this tower
i must...

SHEMIHAZAH ON MOUNT HERMON

the angels convened on Mount Hermon,
there upon meeting Shemihazah, the First Chieftain under Azazel

all of them bound their pride and their soul
with the fetters of mutuality
in expiatory responsibility

they colluded through the night the evil conspiracy
against the peace of the whole world

and then it all started :
moral holocaust !

like dogs mount dogs
fallen angels did the heifers of men !

a debauchery rising to new and unparalleled heights
with every cursed ejaculation

evil spread virally
and madness fell like a curtain
across the lands and towns

all the oxen died
because there was no-one
to fend for them anymore

the fields suffocated in the heat
the fleas and lice festered
the children cried themselves to sleep

to dominate, murder, rape and exploit inferior races— innocent men and women roaming the earth, plucking its bushes and working its lands—and to do so with the pathos of war and wrath...—what angel does not masturbate in secrecy in their filthy, unkempt dens at the thoughts of such ungodly transgressions ?

we must understand, that the Devil is a gas seeping through the tiniest of cracks, and we must know that His breath is a foul perfume and a stink of existence –

infernal, Satanic smog !

THE ARCHEONAUT'S RETURN

the Archeonaut beheads Pa-Bil-Sag
and devours the bloodpour spurting

the disgorged carotid arteries
of the two raped Mash-Tab-Ba-Galgal
explode

cosmic vermilion starblood descends
upon the satin bed of Ab-Sin

ripening cadavers in the sky leak the visceral crud
stars and guts form Saturnal rings
around the slit in reality
as the Anunnaki advances dimensionally

w o r m h o l e b l i t z k r i e g

what once was thought of as eternal
disappears

what once was thought of as sacred
spoils

the Bull of Heaven is slaughtered for meat
but it is left to rot in the shed !

astral bandit-packs of poachers –
scorpion men and Gidim hunters –
severed the horns of Lu-Ḫun-Ga
and leashes the ram in planetary orbit

readily established principles of basic science
are ripped from their roots

black orbs magnetize and de-magnetize

the lodestones are destroyed forevermore

nothing calibrates correctly anymore

times are dire
time is dire
time is horrifying

nine mighty portals open
to the nine wormholes of Irkalla

cosmic strings of negative mass
are spun by the spider deity
between Tharsis and Elysium
where the Anunna once reigned

immense meta-lunar pulsations from hidden cosmic conduits
warp the human-access dimensions into bits and shrivels

a signal beckons from the tenth planet

a ghastly sterile universe metaphysically prolapses

the Archeonaut returns in an asteroid belt
burning like the quasar-halo of An !

THE TRAUMA WILL ALWAYS LINGER

an exercise in creative writing through cathartic poetic pessimism

* * *

disincarnate i float
as human flotsam

as a reflection or a memory –
a hard-earned precautionary tale

a meditation on worthlessness
and a misanthropic projection

a pure encouragement
of the worst aspects of human nature

a spiritual negative

i hold myself hostage
in an endless stand-off with God

i do not even realize
what can be won, what can be lost
and what can, ultimately, be bargained about

because i do not believe there are good things out here

the trauma always lingers

down here
all human shades and colors
fade into nihilistic grey

down here
i become telepathic
with brick and stone and clay

the trauma will always linger

the disease is forever congenital

excise the symptom – kill the creature – there is no other way

useless humans are slaughtered in psychotic abattoirs

they thought of themselves as special...
but no-one is special in genocide... – but the perpetrator !

only by credit of your enormous death-toll,
will you ever be special !

BENEATH THE CYPRESS OF KASHMAR

*Abbasid caliph al-Mutawakkil issues a command :
the tree shall be felled ! and it shall be transported
to his capital in Samarra !*

its wood shall be used as beams for his new palace

*the villagers plead with the caliph,
offering money and other concessions in order to protect it,
but, alas, to no avail at all*

*the Muslim ruling elite
is as ruthless a breed of tyrants
as there ever was*

*the palace of the Abbasid caliph
and its spiral minaret
still stands today*

* * *

fine June evening : Parsa paradise !

enormous columns upon which rests
great beams of marble

dazzling gleam through lemon trees shine

golden ray assailant on the senses,
mediated only
by the scent of the vine
ever-powering fragrance of fresh bloom

sparkles and fires and phantasms
are to be seen by all
and everyone and no-one

colonnades opening to quadrangles
covered too in the great vine

the bacteria of rotten cadavers intermingle
with the fumes of aether summer-hot

great boiling swamps edging on
the borders of fragrant onion cloves

the cypress stands strong and eternal
for the tree had grown from a branch
Zartosht had carried from Paradise
which he planted in honor
of King Vishtaspa's conversion
in ancient times immemorial

O Zartosht ! one who fought Ahriman to intellectual standstill

Zartosht

piously procure a rill of running water
to promote the regional husbandry

thank you

piously procure a great piece of arable land
to promote the regional agronomy

thank you

a javelin
a sword
a club
a bow
a saddle with a quiver
and thirty iron-headed arrows !

a sling with arm-string
and with thirty sling stones !

bread and grain enough to feed not only my family
but the families of my family's family !

thank you !

restore Aryan pride !

armor us again with the Parthian gold and steel :

the winds of war blow
from the pagan badlands of Transoxiana

Zartosht ! *you* !

you who slayed the wolfhound-dragons
and impaled their heads on stakes :

Aži Sruvara, the dragon with the horns on its doggy head
Aži Zairita, the one in yellow once slain by Kərəsāspa
Aži Višāpa, the dragon which awakes between sunset and sunrise
Aži Raoiḍita, the scarlet dragon – bringer of the eternal Daevas winter

you, one who smote even Azhi Dahaka
three-jawed, triple-headed, six-eyed, horned !

wreathed in Feleydun-esque honor,
you have slain ten thousand worms
of the genus that lives on dirt;
you have squashed ten thousand raging flies
of the genus that infests the sky;
and you will lay siege to ten thousand feeble men and women
of the genus that worship the deities of evil !

defend us from the nocturnal crocotta
these sand-devils of the inhospitable interior
where no man neither fool nor caravan sets foot
in fear of powers that be, hiding
in the sandstorms and canyons and moon caves

bane of the great beast of a thousand perceptions
and of mighty strength, a demon-Druj of the Daevas !

wicked spirit in renegade ...whom the evil King Angra Mainyu
made as the mightiest Druj against the Worldly

you fetter even the greatest abomination in the Holy leash :
spiritual war master of the Ahura Mazdā,
defeater of the demonic manifestations !
patron of the mystical garden of Kashmar !

battle-weary arch-enemy of the celestial Mardkhor :
spike-tailed man-eating terror-beast of the Persians !

cinnabar-red fur, three rows of gnarly teeth,
over a cubit each in length and breadth

the head of a pit-bull human, the shape and form of a lion

the tail of a scorpion with venom-spines and toxic quills

the ghastly panpipe vociferations of the Mantichora beast
wane with the thrusting of the emerald-studded sword
into its large black heart of oil
spilling out foul and fetid
muck of crude putrescence

شمشیر ز مرد دنگار

draws blood
once again

another mythic beast falls dead
in the shadow of the cypress of Kashmar

true steel
dies hard

and by Aryan new year we shall celebrate it greatly

we shall dance once again
around the flame eternal

the imperial lion roars once again
from the heart of the ancient homeland...

FORGOTTEN SON OF NYX — A JANUARY DIARY ENTRY

*specifics for the evening: 8 hour workday (manual labor/lifting/very active)
30+ k steps (17 km walked/70 stairs ascended). 9 km run. no screen light from
21:00 onward. relaxation techniques, a few pages from "Meditations" by
Marcus Aurelius. trying to implement soothing breathing techniques. no
cannabis, no sleeping pills, no alcohol. time spent in bed without screens:
21:30-04:00. at 4 o clock i give up from built up frustration – “this will not
happen”. i am in a dark room, window open, chilly but not too cold, outside
temperature is -20 degrees celsius. heavy weight blanket, eye cover, nose tape,
nothing ever works except for drugs and extreme physical output. personally, i
do not think i deserve this. i start to write maniacally. my eyes are watery, from
tiredness or emotion i just can't tell – maybe a combination ? probably...*

* * *

good morning bed bugs

i, like you, want to exceed God's expectations
but it is hard when, i, like you,
never sleep

i am not entirely sure why i deserve this

i try to be very happy for your blessings
i try to count them each and every day
i try not to complain in the face of hardship,
knowing that i fare better than the great 99% -
i understand this every day, all day
but there is just something i need to ask you

why, exactly, are my sacrifices too feeble?
i bring sweat and blood to your altar !
are my past sins of such magnitude
that i have cursed myself to incurable insomnia ?

when i lie in my bed unable to sleep

for the millionth time
i feel like cursing you, God, and
that is the most horrible feeling i know
it breaks me from you
it breaks us apart
i feel the urge to say blasphemous things
i feel the urge to cast it all down to hell
i try to thank you instead
but it is impossible almost
and i feel shame and i feel weakness
i feel embarrassment over my own limited capabilities
and i feel mortification
at the thought of all the work
that is carried out by sleepless men and women
all across the globe
every day each day year round
and i ask why i am much weaker than that

when i lie in bed
i am attacked by ideas and worries
i thought i had already conquered years ago
when i am not allowed to enter the kingdom of sleep
coastal waves wash over me
my head spins like a planet in disrupted orbit
it is never quiet in there except for when i kill the noise with drugs
i can not stop worrying
for my friends
for my family
for the state of the world
and for the state of whatever is glorious in it

i start thinking
about stuff i just can not control

"did i do something wrong"
"what will other people think of me"

"people never think insomnia is a legitimate cause for anything,
they will just assume you are weak, spoiled and privileged"
"how much will my boss put up with"
"how will my lovely friends do without me?"
"how much do they need me, how much do i project?"
"am i really a good person ?"
"what does it mean to be a hard worker, and what does discipline mean?"

i berate myself over and over again
i pick my past apart (whatever i remember of it anyways, junkie fuck)
i try to find a natural, logical reason for this curse

i start to pray
i try to stay focused on my prayer
i fail
my mind runs amok

i ask:
why are you doing this to me
and what can i do to put myself in your favor?

i want to start to live my life in your shadow, Lord,
but if you do not let me sleep i just can not find the werewithall
and if that is weakness
then, yes, i am a weak fuck

but, when i am honest,
i always get only one response: you are not weaker!!!!
you choose to be
and that is everything God will tell me
mystically
about this absolute existentialism of life

yet i can not help but sometimes complain
and sometimes lash out in depraved anger and lust
and self destructivity
over my insomnia

my bed has become an iconostasis
for all the wrong reasons
a chalice of stale blood
i feel anxiety when i look at it
i feel worry when i think about sleeping
and i dont want to complain
i want to be a good soldier for you
i know i am so profoundly lucky and blessed
but none of it even matters
when i do not get to sleep

please
give me a break

what is it you ask me ?
i would like to think of myself as a flawed and faulty man,
but not as a bad man
sure, i have tears on my hands, but no blood
sure, i have hurt people i deeply care for, but never with malice
sure, i have hurt myself, but never for attention or credibility
except attention and credibility
in the face of God

is it because i sold heavy drugs to my best friends ?
is it because i have been unavailable and cowardly in relationships ?
is it because i lust after the miracle of women excessively ?
is my hedonism and nihilism too pervasive ?

is this because of the drugs ?
tell me. let me know for real
and shall try even harder to stop

i want to serve all that is left in this world that still shines bright
i want to submit to a higher glory
and get going with the real world

but something is keeping me down

like a heavy stone crushing my ribs
i can not launch like a bird
i can not spread my wings like this
there is not enough air in here
please breathe your miracle through my nostrils

i would like to think of myself as pretty humble

i do not ask for much
i know my place in the world
and i understand that people suffer so much
but i can not help to be disappointed
and broken
from my chronic lack of sleep

once again
i count my blessings
i pray for the ones in true need
in true passion
in true suffering
and i try to be moral

once again i start to obsess
start to think, start to stick
start to ossify into a monument
of insomnia

i obsess about past, sin, love, relationships,
spirituality, redemption, shame, hard work and morality
but i never reach a destination

i just want to dissolve in God, love and poetry

give the earthly fortunes and vaults of cornucopia
to whatever guy next in line
all i want is love

why don't you hit the lights at night
in my cell ?
i know you are no evil warden !!!
so why !!!!!

once again i chastise myself

i can be very dramatic –
blood spills out of everyone and everything
that has ever come into contact with me !

and i conclude once again :

THIS IS ALL MY FAULT ! ! ! ! ! !

this is my punishment

this is what i deserve

and that is the honest truth

being selfless, kind, well-adjusted in sleeplessness
is something i find to be almost impossible

i feel like a mouse
and whenever i look up
all i see is a big mean scary angry cat

if that is blasphemy, i am sorry

i will stop immediately
when you grant me the keys to the kingdom of Hypnos

please

i can not help myself
i can not help other people

i can not do a single powerful thing
when i have this yoke

(once again i apologize
for my bravado
my blasphemy
and my arrogance
you know in my heart
i never want to bring your name through the dirt
i only do it because i feel deprived
of something that ultimately
makes me human)

once again i stare into my ceiling
thinking about Berlin and Praha and Warszawa
thinking about Konstantinopolis
thinking about Tehran and Yerushayalim
and poetry and Slutet and love and beauty
and hope and faith and redemption
and the personal call to glory and spirit
and i cannot help but become sad
and really nervous

i know many great people
have harnessed their lack of sleep
into productive creative efforts
but i can never do it;
nothing great ever comes out
of this absolute degrading cesspool

this is never a weapon for me
it is the great curse of my adult life

once again i force my heavy body upright
my lower back hurts for whatever reason

God bless everyone struggling more than i do !

A QUINCUNX OF FIRE PILLARS

I

in the centre of the quincunx stands
the Gregorian tree

beneath a black rotting sun
mine black rotting flesh
sways

there are no hockles in this rope of execution

everything is clear as day :
i am guilty, i am deserving, i am him !

i am tortured, hung and forgotten
in the geometric center
of majestic and most august
pillars of fires columnal

II

already i can see
the thieves and false beggars
move about these execution-grounds
lurking amidst this forest
of the dead

like Hazaribagh wolves
sneaking preying
luring in the dense bush

rob of me this vial of bituminous mummia
as i hang from my crook of fate !

i certainly need it no more !

if you think my meagre coins
and pennies may buy you anything
even resembling a semblance of life
in this carnival of sadism and degeneracy,
then by all means, be my guest, rob my corpse !

i shall not need them, and if Charon so refuses...
then so what, anyway, in the end :
my complete existence would become one of rebellion !

so – plunder my corpse of its belongings,
my coat, my pride and my crown of thorns :

desecrate me like Baghdad or Nanjing !

sack my disgraced cadaver like an Antigoniid general

III

a black resinous exudate
drip into pools beneath me

scummy noxious soot
organic exhaust-pipe residue
revolting concoctions of fluids

children of tomorrow :
drink now the putrid adipocere of my chalice !

ignited fumes plume
from the burning anus
of Lucifuge Rofocale

IV

i was left here to hang
to see it all wither
at last
to the end

silently
in the light of Van-Gogh-esque constellations
i prophesize tomorrow
in the droppings of a strangled nightingale

i am the fountainhead
from which these currents of pestilence flow
and i remind myself of a hog's bladder
full to the brim of human ammonia

i am a mirror to the world of my generation :
about as impressive as the larval stage of a hairworm !

from these gallows i deserve to swing
in these early stages of the mass extinction event

STORM TIDES OF THE NORTH SEA

faceless deep-sea mermaids
hungry for dignity and adventure
disorient too close to the surface
evicted by Krakens in migration
to a sunlight they have never even seen

faceless deep-sea mermaids
wash ashore the rugged coasts
of *Temperance*
as the sum of human experience breaks
on the rugged rocks of turpitude

DROWNING AFLAME

what ocean can i cross
without losing sight
of the shore ?

i leapt forthwith into water
but water turned to flame

and fire turned to coal
and drowning, aflame
i burned namelessly

*i sank
into myself !*

*i loved
love !*

*i hated
hate !*

*i needed
both !*

INCANTATION AGAINST THOSE WHO CHANGE THEMSELVES INTO HYENAS

the horned owl is camouflaged
and draped in bracken fronds

the camels chew the hellebore leaves
in sage and celadon thicket

the odor of chrysanthemums burst
in the sweeping light of noon

the copper has turned green,
the jade jar has been broken

a possessed witch howls in the black air

the exorcism of foul Bouda spirits is complete

imperial vampires of black Abyssinian blood
are banished
and the werehyena weeps
its song of discontent

IN MEMORY OF THE CIRCASSIANS

I – Poem to Hyateguash, Goddess of Beauty & Gardens

mistress of the cypress of a rose garden
reveal amidst these beeches and oaks
Mongolian musk and the ambergris of most distant waters

your face is the mountain hyacinth unfolding
your eyes of narcissus and melted mountain snow

topaz-ring around your arms
onyx-lace around your neck
sapphire rings in your ear

Hyateguash
sow your flowers in profusion

lady of blazing dominion
holder of the pure lance
storm and hurricane-adorned
crystal brilliance on earth

daughter of the heavens
a soft bud swelling
weeping thick tears
as you unearth from mountains

Hyateguash !

II – The Century of Terror

waning moonlight spreads over the homeland

harshness vanished, silence set
and sudden softness befell
upon the valleys and highlands of Zichia

the rivulets disperse across the pasture,
a transport of the blood from the battle-fields :

ambush behind the copse !

slice their heads
like a scythe cut its wheat
on the fields of paradise !

trust your guts – and slit theirs !

take the fight to this barbarian invader !

spread terror
up and down
this God-damned mountain...

under unity of the Circassian princedoms
we attack with the mountains as our hearts
spurred by the violence and nobility of revenge
and the deafening bleating of the war drums...

III – The Extermination

the hound-whelps sleep on the hursts of the Kuban
the women and children beside them do not –
for they are murdered

the men are dead also – in villages, scattered in ditches
and forest groves... on streets, in buildings,
beneath horses, in the farmlands, in lakes
and foaming in the rivers...

one part here, one part there, a skull, a finger, a foot

a whole people erased in the blink of an eye !

to hell with the god-damned Russian devils

you will burn in hell forever for what you did...

DEVOTIONAL POEM TO MARY OF JESUS OF ÁGREDA

come to lay mine earth's foundation !

mark off the dimensions around me,
for without your limits, i am lost !

stretch your great measure-line across me

give me footing; lay my cornerstone :
my holy waves halt on the rugged rock of ego !

bless my burning face with but a drop of dew
and bind my soul to the Pleiades

lay ambush in theological thicket

lurk like the spectral jackal

smile like the mother hyena

sneak amongst the ideas

crouch in your den like a lion

permeate my soul as water permeates sugar :
rinse the impurity, dilute the virulent poison

the yellow clouds of moth blind me yet i see

through the storm i behold
the most perfect vision
of María de Jesús de Ágreda
perfectly beholding
Mother Mary

GARBAGE CATHEDRAL

we prosper in the moment and think it is eternal –
a human weakness amongst many !

and we do so without realizing
the inherent fallacy of endless growth

as a consequence, we come to mock our health and balance,
and we come to worship instead the excess and comfort
we have come to deludedly confuse with growth,
development and prosperity !

we boast our sophistication as our bellies swell obesely,
as our minds overflow with the weakness of self-pity
and as our spines bend and cower in pathetic fatigue !

the truth is, we develop with greatest challenge and ordeal,
and nothing about it is easy...

well... truth is, only results linger in the end,
and the struggle, if not spectacular,
gets lost irrevocably in the great static of times

and no-one remembers,
no-one wants to remember

no one should care
but you

we do not have to remember anymore
the sacrifice of our forefathers...
now that we have screens !

no pride, no self-respect !
on these heaps of plastic and Styrofoam

no past, no future !
only a utopia
of broken glass and bloodied concrete

no nostalgia, no tradition !
as long as the merchandise stays cheap

no justice, no peace !
as long as the charity of hypocrisy
ever turns its wheel !

we have become swine of bad standing
and we have lost our respect

for nobility
for ancestry
for honor

tradition replaced with decadence,
modesty replaced with promiscuity,
strife replaced with technology,
existentialism replaced with cynicism,
and the adoration of heroism replaced
with that stupid, idle martyrization
of the weak and the feeble amongst us

soulless emaciated figures creep
across the asphalt steppes
across the parking lots
across an endless decrepitude
of contemporary architecture in ruination

we brag about philanthropy, humanism,
charity, solidarity and egalitarianism
while our children are beaten, bullied and raped
in the darkneses of their very negations

but don't mention about it
here are no problems ! we want just comfort !
and there shall be no hurdles to overcome !

we have created a culture
where people become "nice", "pleasant",
"decent" and "well-behaved", at best,
but we have completely forsaken the art
of nurturing and fostering heroes and soldiers
and mothers and fathers

and that is an exaggeration, yes,
but not an insane one

we ignore that struggle makes a man
and toil makes a woman

we ignore the wisdom, that
almost only kids with adversarial childhoods
become truly successful
in the end, in the long run

we ignore the wisdom, that almost only kids
with fucked up childhoods
make something of themselves

we shower instead our new generations
with the idea that everything is okay

and that everything should be okay

and it is a culture of mediocrity !
a culture of indolence and indulgence !
a serpent's nest of bitterness and addiction,
and hedonism and utopia !

a world where mediocrity is lauded and awarded takes shape...

every hero turned into a pillar of salt !
every martyr ignored, swiftly forgotten...
a culture where self-constraint and will-power
have become some ideals, seemingly
of a history already dispensed with

alienation, nihilism and spiritual emptiness
bloom in the gardens of a modern world
and all the botanists there have gone insane –

feeding the flour beetles of hedonia,
nurturing its pests and vermin,
culturing this terror without value,
without direction and without real moral sense

mass lassitude, erstwhile pride depleted !

equanimity and integrity but a memory fading
in the hive-mind of the shopping mall hordes
rhapsodic about not life itself
but about what in life can be purchased !

like porcelain vases filled with rotting flowers
are the cubicles and offices of our brave new world :
forsaken, forgotten by something greatly careless !

like a pack of sorry adulterers moaning in stock and bondage,
whipped and mocked all the way to the ravenstone,
the human mass moves, yet still with smiles on their faces

they do not understand their fate

they do not grasp
what they have done to themselves

but i see clearly...

i carry forbearance
and the wherewithal to act
and react
i am designed
a hunter
a lover
a person

but i am condemned
to a world
of shopping,
of hating,
and of non-persons

upwards i turn my head
and upwards i scream my angst :

is the cobra no longer fierce beneath its reptile hood ?
is the fire in the eyes of tigers no longer red and hot ?
are the deeds of men and wombs of women no longer bearing culture ?

nothing anymore for which to fight
nothing anymore to overcome
nothing anymore to discover and explore
nothing anymore which to kill

here we have goods
we have screens
we have Tinder and TikTok
and selfies and fast-food...

here we have commodity and the ever-so-accessible market

here we have the comfort of our puny dreams
and the ever proliferation of ease !

why build it, why work hard, why create it –
when you can buy it ?

dignity, honor and self-respect mean nothing now –
they are put on shelves, made available
for whatever hungry fool to consume blindly

cheap wisdom for sale
cheap pleasure for sale
cheap company for sale

nothing feels different anymore
nothing feels really good anymore
and nothing wills to be different

except i !

i am different !

i will to be different...

i shall acquire difference
and i shall proclaim this difference
as an existential
and unshakeable
independence

my library contains
the obscure epistolary wisdoms
of multi-centennial correspondences
between dogmatic bishops
and so-called heretics

i have letters in hundreds, in thousands,
in tens of thousands !

and we shall remember
when the night comes
that only one letter differs
a total lie
from a life total

appendix :

it has been said :

*"power corrupts.
and absolute power
corrupts absolutely"*

this is a falsity

power does not corrupt people—
it is people who corrupt power !

and that is what ultimately happened to us...

and i horripilate !

i awe in fear and terror

i gaze deep into the **** of Gaia
and i taste therefrom what i can

i fall onto my knees
before the anti-clockwise chaos-vortex
that is love

and love opens my eyes, and i see !

and what do i see?

i see

a great diluvian brooding
over my homeland

and i see, in visions

the ultimate destruction
of my beloved people
and it is all
so tremendously tragic

